Calais, November 6th.

We had the finest passage imaginable, of four hours; not a sail shifted, or a rough wave,- the sun shining, and the wind warm; both coasts as clear as rockwater, and seen at the same time. The price was very high; five and twenty guineas for one of Minet's boats.

When we arrived, the quay was covered with men in as many strange attires as if we had come to a rendezvous of all the nations of the earth. Scarcely two were equipped alike; most of them were dressed in cloaks, large wrappers, great-coats, rugs, &c., and muffled up as if they were in Iceland. The strange diversity of hats and caps (most of the former enormous) was truly comical. There were no red caps among them.

At the custom-house they offered for sale, and prudence induced us to purchase, little tricolour cockades, at fifteen sous apiece, which we placed on the side of the crowns of our hats.

It was Sunday, and Sunday is observed here, for nobody will have anything to say to Decades,[1]

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i The revolutionary months were divided into three *dfoades*, or epochs, of ten days each, thus making three

hundred and sixty. The remaining five days were called *jours complémentaires*, and were devoted to feasting. The names of these months, the first of which commenced on